

scornful charity; our bosoms must be as free from inordinate affections as that of any

One general remark I would make, by way of conclusion. It is this. There are many pious young men and women in our churches whose hearts yearn over the heathen, and who would like to go to the heathen lands, and who, if they will go from house to house and obtain subscribers for such little publications as the Day Spring and Foreign Missionary, they may as effectually labor for the heathen as if they were actually in the land where they were in a heathen land. Are there none who will do this?

ness to rob other ships. And on their last voyage, they had murdered a man, a sailor, a murderer as well as a robber. Sometimes they lay a plank over the ship's side, blindfolded the eyes of the unfortunate crew and passengers, and compel them to walk this along the plank, and then they push them over the side, and they reach the end; and then they fall into the sea and are drowned. No wonder that the sight of a pirate vessel was a very alarming one to the people in the Bermuda Islands. And what could those who saw it do, all alone there in the wide ocean? Each did what he thought the wisest and best. The captain judged it best to get away as fast as he could, and he ordered his men, and prepared to resist as well as he could. The sailors, whatever they thought best, had no choice but to obey the captain. But the missionaries went into the cabin, and there, heedless of what was going on upon deck, they poured out their souls in earnest prayer to God; remembering, no doubt, his promise, and

The pirate ship approached, till it came within gun shot of the Britanick; and the pirates then ran along the deck, and the captain gave the order to fire. And the pirates to pour out their volley. And the Britanick were grappling iron on board, of ready sharp hooks, fixed to long ropes, ready to throw into the Britanick, and hold her fast, till she was brought to anchor, and then their work of destruction. It seemed then there was little chance of escape from such an enemy. But the captain, whose heart was sinking at the fearful prospect before him, thought that the pirates should board her first, and below, in the few peaceable miscreants who, whose fervent prayers were then ascending through the noise of the fight, to heaven.

The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling irons on board, the captain's ship, their own was tossed violently, and the men who had held the ropes were thrown by force into the sea. Vexed by this, the captain's eyes were turned to the ship who shared the same fate. Seeing that he could not succeed in this manner, he

solved to fire at the Britannia till she sank with repeated blows. But this effect struck her so dead that she could not rise again and fell into the sea. The smoke from the frequent charges was very dense, hanging about the vessel for some minutes, & hindering them from each other's view. Just as they were clearing away, a fast sailer came to the amazement of the pirate captain, the Britannia was seen at a distance, with her sails spread to the wind, speeding with all her power.

"The pirates," says the story, "were formed in great anger, to abandon their enterprises. Thus wonderfully had God appeared and saved the vessel, in answer to the missionaries' prayers had been answered; but they were to have been further fruit still."

Five years afterwards, during which the missionaries had been diligently preaching the gospel at St. Thomas, they, and others, gathered together to celebrate the anniversary of the deliverance from the pirates, and to thank God for his other mercies. As they

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to him, as he went on to tell them that he was in his vexation at their strange escape. He had made inquiries of the captain of the ship of Britannia, and learned that it was thence that the crew of the *Starvation* had been rescued. St. Thomas, and how, not understanding that he had a vessel could be saved from pirates, he went to prayer, he resolved to know the Moravian brothers. He sold his vessel, and his crew, to the Moravian chapel, and heard a sermon from the words, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." He sought the preacher, and heard from him the way of life. Then, he concluded, "from a pirate captain I am become a poor sinner, a justified sinner, a grace and peace man, and my eyes have been opened and I might some day be a Christian. I have been a vessel, a vessel of wrath, a vessel of the law, a vessel of the cross. This joy is my reward: to-day."

He ceased, and you may imagine the feelings of the missionaries. They were full of joy, and they were full of gratitude from the Lord.

pirates on that day, five years ago, through prayer. And there stood before them pirate captain himself, not fierce now, but humble and pious, who traced his own deliverance from the bondage of Satan, to the same prayer that rescued them from his

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"ERASMUS D. MOORE,
 EDITOR."
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 "part of St. Paul's, the dome of the Duke of Devonshire, elevation and form of the chapel, the appearance, after visited by the royal family, the details of the ground plan, the firm made by the king's mother, noble influence of the place, its position, two cloaks devoted the fall and decrease of the prince." *Hand drawn details, etc., accompanied by a list of names, silver plate presented by Maria Louisa, allowance for poor, for shows in the future, grounds for soldiers, entry of charity, Henry, Charles, death of Napoleon's remains, visit to Versailles, Historical Museum, Philippe's drawing his name later in a hand carriage, Queen's entrance, Cranston, Napoleon's farewell, coronation of the present king, ballade, scene of Yorktown, portrait of Washington, violation of the Sabbath, etc.*

ally attract the attention of a stranger in any form," I send you a sketch of the scene, which a few of them made on our mind.

On the routine of visits to the variety of scenes, we came to the chapel of St. Ferdinand, the first of recollections, the memory of the lightning bolts and expanding glory suddenly darkened and destroyed. It has been consecrated by the tears and prayers of the sainted, and the memory of the suffering remembrance of the distressing death itself fell one of their number.

It was on the morning of July 13, 1842, the Duke of Orleans left the metropolis and the city of Orleans, and the Duke of Orleans fell on them, he intended to reach the top of St. Omer. He was in an open carriage, conducted by a postilion. When he was about half way, he was struck by a lightning bolt, and commenced a rapid pace. He called to the driver, "Are you faster of your horses?" He answered, "I will guide them." In a few minutes more he was struck by a lightning bolt, and he could not hold them." He replied, "I cannot," immediately the prince attempted to leap out. But his feet caught in his cloak, and he came to the ground on his head. The Duke of Orleans was struck by a lightning bolt, he was ten minutes before twelve o'clock, was carried a short distance to a grocery, a tidings of his injury were quickly borne to the Duke of Orleans, and he was quickly guided. All their deep sympathies and united attentions to him with the most skillful remedies of physicians, were of no avail to prevent his death. In the afternoon, the Duke of Orleans was buried in the chapel of St. Ferdinand, and the solemn rites of religion, he met his last. Thus the silver chalice of life broken. In a few hours, the favorite of a mighty nation, the heir apparent to its throne, the Duke of Orleans, was summoned to leave so with a heritage and stand at the bar of Omnipotence, whose only role of elevated rank was to be a witness to the death of a prince, a declaration of the voice which said, "All is in my hand, and all the goodness therein is in the power of the field."

The shop in which the Duke of Orleans was killed, with additional grounds, occupied for the chapel and other need-buildings. Though specially designed by

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The hotel, a two safeguard against the uncertain future of monarchy.

Among the institutions of liberal charm the Hotel de la Monnaie sometimes seems the brightest light. The members of the bourgeoisie and the nobles, to which we were much gratified to belong, were here. The Hotel de la Monnaie. It has existed since the present régime invaded more than a century and a half. Its advantages have been the progress of its age. At the Revolution, it was called the Temple de l'Industrie. During this stormy period, as the public reference for its purpose, it was earned. All could agree in the name of the temple. It was the success of Bonaparte, it was known as the Temple de Mars. During the early years of the Restoration, its original name was restored with the name of the monarchy.

The hotel, presents an imposing front of 16 feet, four stories high. Its several

...has about half this number. No
7800 of them are above 70 years old.
...doubt the cars they have received has
...nged their life.